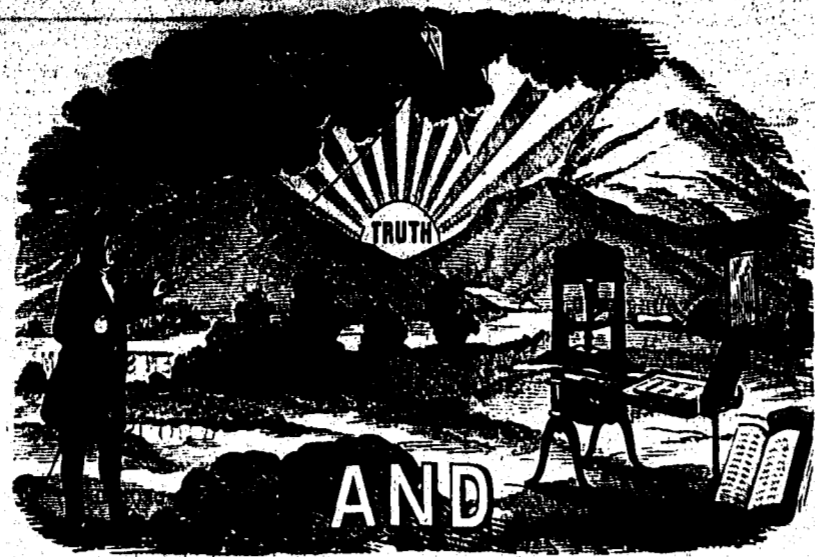


# Mind



# Matter.

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## CHRISTIANITY A FICTION.

A Poem Showing the True Origin and Mythical Character of the Christian Saviour, and the Mythical Nature of Many of the Most Eminent Heroes and Heroines of Biblical Fame.

Through J. H. Mendenhall, Medium.

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[Continued.]

Now, since the common god of old  
Is shown to be the sun,  
'Tis plain to see that all the gods,  
From Brahma down, are one—  
In life and soul, in thought and deed,  
In mission are the same—  
The only difference being this,  
They differ in the name.

And now, 'tis easy with this view  
Of what is termed the Lord,  
To understand the Christian's creed,  
And all the "Holy Word."  
For plain it is, the tales within  
The book they call *divine*,  
Are but the stories, e'en at best,  
Of worlds that brightly shine.

The sun, the moon, the twinkling stars,  
The then known planets seven,  
Make up the retinue of myths  
Born out of pagan heaven:  
From Meschia and Ahirman (1)  
To Moses Hebrew theme,  
Are links of one unbroken chain—  
One sacred pagan dream.

So Adam young in Paradise,  
With lovely Eve his wife,  
Took up the legend of old Time,  
To lengthen out his life,  
So now the world afresh inspired  
With messages from heaven,  
The Christian creed, by Moses led,  
And later scribes, was given.

Old Father Adam, Moses' theme,  
Along with Mother Eve,  
Who listened to that snakey tale,  
Till them it did deceive.  
And this aroused Jehovah's wrath,  
Who quickly turned about,  
And from their bright and happy home  
He drove the rebels out.

And placed therein a "Cherubim,"  
Who swung a two-edged sword,  
To guard 'gainst them the tree of life,  
And thus make true his word:  
"That on the day they ate thereof  
They each should surely die—  
The real fact of which is but  
A picture in the sky.

For, lo! when we but gaze above,  
At yon bright starry sphere,  
We see this tragedy played  
In each revolving year.  
Up there among the shining hosts,  
Bootes (2) old doth stand,  
And lovely Virgo (3) by his side,  
Holds in her star-gem'd hand,

An apple bough which represents  
The fruit which Adam ate,  
Which thus brought on his progeny  
That Christian hell-fire fate.  
And there the "Serpent" (4) too is seen  
Amid the shining sphere,  
With head inclined toward Mother Eve,  
To whisper in her ear.

But scarce the Serpent turned his head,  
Till hard upon his rear  
Came "Cherubim" (5) with starry sword,  
Which makes the meaning clear.  
For since, the spangled dome of heaven  
Seems rolling round and round;  
When Bootes and Virgo left,  
The "Cherub" took the ground.

So thus we see, when Bootes,  
Or Adam now by name,  
And Ceres, Carah, Virgo, Eve,  
(For these were all the same),  
And Serpent—Hydra—rolls away,  
By Nature's fixed decree,  
The Cherubim, in later scene,  
Must in the garden be.

(1). Ahirman, in the system of Zoroaster, the Persian Moslem, was supposed to have been created with Ormuzd, or the principle of Good in nature—that he was originally pure, but becoming jealous of Ormuzd, he created orders of evil beings (Devils or demons) corresponding to the celestial orders of Ormuzd—and that in every part of the universe, even to the minutest particle of matter, the principle of Evil opposes the principle of Good.

(2). Bootes, pronounced Bo-o-tes a constellation in the heavens, placed in the stellar division, assigned to the zodiacal sign Virgo, with which it rises and sets. He is generally represented with a whip in his hand, the symbol of his calling; that of an ox-driver or ploughman.

(3). The figure of the Virgin in many spheres is represented holding the branch of a tree in her hand.

(4). The Serpent referred to, may be either the reptile in the grasp of Hercules Ophiuchus which immediately follows the Virgin; or the great Southern reptile, Hydra, the head of which is well above the Eastern horizon as the last stars of Bootes and Virgo disappear beneath the Western horizon.

(5). The "Cherubim" is the constellation Perseus, represented as a helmeted warrior, who holds in his hand a two-edged sword. This constellation rises with the Hydra at the east as Bootes and Virgo go out of sight at the west.

For he comes up, as ere he must,  
As next upon the list,  
Thus making plain the real facts,  
So long enwrap in mist.  
Then here we have this mystic theme,  
As handed down of old,  
In this our picture of the stars,  
In even numbers told.

If any doubt the truth of what  
Is plainly stated here,  
Just let them take the pains to look  
Upon some planisphere;  
And there they'll see our tale replete,  
Without a hitch that jars—  
Old Adam, Eve, cherub, and snake,  
A story of the stars.

Then why not let old Adam rest  
With Mother Eve his wife—  
Since neither they, cherub nor snake,  
E're had a real life,  
Nor think the world one whit the less  
In value for the same,  
As all the loss experienced  
Is but an empty name.

Cain and Abel.

Then next in turn the Bible tells  
About that wicked Cain,  
And Abel, whom the story shows,  
Was by the former slain;  
And this became a disrespect  
For Cain, the first, was found—  
So said, for he, we read, was but  
"A tiller of the ground."

In other words, "God showed respect"  
To him who kept the flocks,  
And offered sacrifice, which led  
To Cain's club's deadly knocks.  
'Twas here the right of sacrifice,  
With Christians, did begin—  
A rite that sprang from childish fear,  
Of pagan origin.

But Christians say 'twas typical  
Of Jesus to be slain—  
A sacrifice of blood to cleanse,  
Of Adam's sin, the stain.  
But listen, Christians, while we trace  
The fact which here is given,  
Up to the same bright star-gemmed space,  
Among the hosts of heaven.

For there amid the bright-eyed train,  
A certain baldric sign,  
The constellated husbandman,  
A grower of the vine;  
Yes, even Cain, that wicked man,  
A tiller of the land,  
Is represented with a club  
Clenched in his starry hand (6).

While Abel, who is Auriga (7),  
Holds in his arms a kid,  
Which represents his offering,  
As Moses said he did.  
As these two starry boys on high,  
In opposition stand,  
Cain with his club clenched in his fist,  
Abel with kid in hand,—

'Twas easy for the dreamy scribe  
A murder to behold,  
And hence we have the story brief,  
Of Cain and Abel told.  
Another picture may be drawn  
Of brothers Cain and Abel,  
To bring them clearer into view,  
But none the less a fable.

For plain it is, the murder wrought  
By Winter's cruel train  
Of tempests, floods and icy frosts,  
Thus representing Cain;  
While Abel is the vernal bloom,  
Nipt by the wintry hand  
Of April frosts and chilling winds,  
That desolate the land.

A fable this that represents  
The phases of the mind—  
Both good and bad, kind and unkind,  
As either way inclined;  
A fable which doth but reveal  
A scene among the stars—  
Not Cain or Able any more  
Than Mercury or Mars:

And never meant to be construed  
To mean these men, indeed,—  
It being but the full-grown shrub,  
Sprung up from pagan seed.  
So then you see, in either tale,  
The truth is made quite plain,  
That all is fiction that we read,  
Of Abel and of Cain.

And whether Moses understood  
The theme he wrote about,  
'Tis pagan still, in word and line,  
Beyond a single doubt.

(6). The Constellation of Hercules Ingenuculus, or the kneeling Hercules, who is represented as a matured man and who holds in one hand a branch with fruit, and in the other a massive club which he poses in the attitude of striking with it.

(7). The constellation Auriga represents a youth bearing in his arms a kid, and is placed directly opposite in the heavens to the kneeling Hercules, so that as Hercules rises in the east Auriga is setting in the west.

## NOAH, HIS FAMILY, ARK, AND FLOOD.

Now Noah, at an early date,  
Comes rising into view,  
And asks a notice at our hand,  
With all his favored crew.  
For he was Lamech's blessed son,  
A man of noted fame—  
So great that Bible critics say,  
There's mystery in his name.

This patriarch had given him  
Three sons by his own wife;  
Each one of whom—'tis further said—  
Pursued a different life.  
But at this period of time,  
The people grew so mean,  
That "God repented" of his works,  
Is plainly to be seen.

He then determined in his mind,  
(As such a few were good),  
To rid the world of all the bad,  
And so he sent the flood.  
'Twas then God called good Noah forth,  
And unto him thus said:  
"Behold! the game of wickedness  
With man is fully played."

"Get thee of gopher wood and make  
An ark as I direct,  
And then I will the world destroy—  
But thee and thine protect."  
So Noah built a mighty ark,  
Three hundred cubits long,  
In breadth and height just big enough,  
To make it good and strong.

He entered in, himself and wife,  
His sons and their beloved;  
And took, by sevens, all the beasts,  
And fowls that cleanly proved;  
And of the same that were unclean,  
He took in two by two;  
And these all took made up the roll  
Of Noah's motley crew.

And then the Lord poured out his wrath;  
No doubt felt mighty good—  
For all those wicked men and beasts  
Were sinking in the flood.  
But Noah had within the Ark (8)  
A "Raven" (9) and a "Dove" (10),  
To serve as winged couriers,  
When the flood should cease to move;

For all the mountains round about  
Were covered by the deep,  
That God might plunge a drowning world  
Into an endless sleep.  
But, lo! a day at last arrived,  
When flooding time was o'er,  
When Noah's "Dove" went from the Ark,  
And there returned no more.

Then on the Mount of Ararat  
The Ark, 'tis said, did rest,  
When Noah and his favored crew  
All landed, saved and blest.  
Now Noah was a husbandman,  
And very fond of wine;  
He planted out a garden, soon,  
To cultivate the vine.

But like old "Bac," who ran that track,  
He loved the juice too well;  
He could not keep from getting drunk  
At every vintage spell.  
This is the picture held to view,  
By prelates and by priests,  
To those who keep the Christian faith,  
The sacramental feasts.

Now, reader, let us view aright  
This story of the flood,  
And we will see the facts are not  
By Christians understood.  
The things and persons here described,  
From God to Ararat—  
Are written on fair heaven's vault,  
And plainly there, at that.

The first of all, the mighty God,  
The high exalted Sun—  
The very same whose different names,  
Through all these stories run.  
This Lamech was the October Sun,  
Old Noah's father true,  
And with November's glorious light,  
Came Noah into view.

It was his far superior light,  
To Lamech's cloudy face,  
That made him righteous in Gods' sight,  
And won for him God's grace.  
But now the wintry season came,  
With signs of dire portent;  
When, lo! the Summer God grew dark,  
And sadly did repent.

(8). The ark referred to is evidently the constellation of the Ship—Argo—which rises in connection with the head of the great Serpent—Hydra—whose name, and vast sinuous body, extending over one-fourth the heavens, very well represents a vast river or flood.

(9). Before and above the Constellation Argo (so suggestive of the Ark) is the small constellation Corvus, or the Crow, which is represented as flying towards the ark, with nothing in its mouth. Behind the Ship Argo, is the constellation represented by a flying dove, bearing in its mouth the olive branch. These two birds are at a distance of about 90 degrees from each other, and undoubtedly relate to the ship toward which they are flying.

(10). This reference to the river Eridan would indicate that the spirit secret considered that it was to the river of Aquarius that the story of the Ark had reference, and not to the watery constellation, the Hydra. We incline to the latter hypothesis as giving rise to the Bible story.

But in the month of Noah's birth,  
High up in heaven's sphere,  
Among the other baldric signs,  
The Archer doth appear.  
We now begin to see the truth,  
How God grew sick of sin,  
And bade old Noah build an ark,  
To take his family in.

Now Noah's sons, called Shem and Ham  
And Japheth, it is plain,  
Are but the three remaining months  
Of Winter's proper reign.  
But one of these was fairer far  
Than were the other two,  
And thus received a blessing as  
In Noah's grace he grew.

And one was black, they called him Ham,  
A monthly Sun so dark,  
That cursed was his name by him  
Who built that mighty ark.  
For such in truth was ancient faith,  
That every gloomy spell  
Was claimed a token of God's wrath,  
(As sacred legends tell).

And he who worshipped as his God,  
The Sun, the Stars, or Moon,  
As scribe, he ever kept his mind  
In legendary tune.  
So here the wives of those four men—  
Old Noah and his sons—  
Are plainly seen to be four moons,  
The way the story runs.

For every week doth have its moon—  
Or monthly, there are four;  
These suns and moons make Noah's crew,  
Just these, and nothing more.  
The beasts and fowls, all taken in,  
And numbered each by seven,  
Did represent the seven months  
Of Summer, called "heaven."

The other beasts and fowls, by twos,  
All taken in unclean,  
Portrayed the dual evil signs  
Of Night and Winter's reign:  
For heaven to the ancients was  
The Summer's reign with light,  
While hell was seen in Winter's train,  
And evil signs of Night.

The mighty flood is likewise seen  
In river Eridan,  
When pouring out his watery tide,  
As in this astral plan;  
Until the cloudlet mountains round  
The Zodiac's true sphere,  
Are wrapped in misty veils about,  
And finally disappear.

And now the starry Ark moves off  
Amid the airy flood  
A fact there written on the sky,  
But little understood.  
And in the circle of this Ark  
The birds are seen to rove,  
The one a Raven truly is,  
The other is a Dove.

So there amid the starry hosts,  
The story of our theme  
Is seen in fact, in all its parts,  
As clear as crystal stream.  
And neither God, nor man, nor beast,  
Nor fowl, had ought to do  
In making up this ancient tale  
Of father Noah's crew.

## ABRAHAM'S OFFERING OF ISAAC.

Now Abraham comes into view  
With Isaac by the hand,  
To offer him a sacrifice,  
In faith, at God's command.  
But, lo! when God had learned the fact  
That Abraham was true,  
A Ram was made a substitute  
But why "Ike" never knew.

This story of God's trying men,  
To prove his own true seed,  
Is made a pillar in the church,  
A timber in the creed.  
And here probation had its rise  
Among the sons of men,  
Who act as legates of the skies  
In teaching how and when.

For since weak Adam ate the fruit,  
Fair Eve to him had given,  
Probation is the mystic path  
That leadeth up to heaven.  
Now Christian brother lend an ear,  
While we the story view,  
And let us see what common sense  
Will for the riddle do?

We think it is so plainly read,  
In heaven's starry sphere,  
We only need to hint the fact  
To make its meaning clear.  
Now, Abraham is father Time,  
As Brahma was of old,  
And Isaac is the pagan god—  
The Sun—as you've been told.

Old father Time conveyed the Sun  
To Hebron (11) upon high—  
The vernal equinox, just as  
The Ram of March passed by:

(11). Hebron, in Hebrew, meant union or alliance, clearly indicating a union of the celestial and terrestrial line, the very point at which the Ram of the Vernal Equinox passed by at the moment or period when Abraham (the Sun) as the mythical god of Time brought Isaac (the Sun) to Hebron to be sacrificed—the Ram at that time being the equinoctial sign.

When the ecliptic and the sun  
With the equator brought,  
Within the view, a cloudlet bush  
Wherein the Ram was caught.

So God in proving Abraham true,  
An angel stayed the knife,  
And made the sheep a sacrifice  
And thus saved Isaac's life.  
This story bears an older date,  
By far, than Moses' day,  
'Twas read to millions long before,  
Old Moses had his say:

Old Kronos (12) offered up his son,  
To calm his father's wrath,  
And other scribes as history shows  
Have followed the same path.  
For since the rite of sacrifice  
With pagan nations rose,  
The same old story still holds good  
Though modified by "Mose."

Perhaps it was the same old Ram,  
One of the baldric signs,  
That was the first an offering-burnt,  
To Jove and his divines;  
For mutton was a dainty dish,  
To bible-gods and priests,  
And flavored with a little wine,  
The daintiest of feasts.

This much for father Abraham then  
Whom God had proven true,  
A simple picture of the sky,  
Each Spring, in nightly view

ABRAHAM, ISAAC AND JACOB.

Now father Abraham, being Time  
Personified—how grand  
The idea, that his progeny  
Should number with the sand.  
And since young Isaac is the Sun—  
A child of father Time,  
His history is clearly read  
Up in yon starry clime.

When analyzed, his triune name  
Is *is* and *a* and *ac*—  
The first means *fire*, the second *one*  
The third the root of "Bac";  
And since among the ancient gods,  
Each is a proper name,  
Why, Isaac as the son of Time—  
And seen to be the same,

And hence becomes a personage,  
Of deepest Bible note,  
Like other heroes of his kind,  
Of whom old authors wrote.  
Now Jacob follows, in his turn,  
The same grand royal line,  
Therefore his name when analyzed  
At once becomes divine.

But now to render clear the fact,  
As 'twas in ancient day,  
We'll use the noted letter I,  
In lieu of that of J;  
When I, the self-existent one,  
And A the first of Time,  
(Or *ac* the root of "Bac," as we  
Have shown in former rhyme),

Then *ob*, in Coptic, serpent is,  
In other tongues the same;  
Now put together these, and lo!  
They spell our heroes name.  
I-ac-ob—Jacob—then we see,  
As plainly can be shown,  
All pictured by the poet's art,  
On yonder star-lit dome.

But Esau plays an active part  
In Jacob's serpent life,  
And hence deserves a notice here  
With Isaac's lovely wife.  
Es in Coptic tongue means *fire*,  
And *au* means the first one,  
So Esau was the Summer Sol,  
Jacob the Autumn Sun.

Rebecca was the smooth-faced moon,  
Is-a-ac's queenly spouse,  
To whom he truly, wisely made—  
His solemn nuptial vows.  
As oft the youngest son is shown,  
Most favored by his mother,  
So Jacob shared more of her love  
Than did his elder brother;

Since, too, the bright and bonny day  
Gives place to coming night,  
So Summer Sol to Autumn Sun  
Gives up his own birth-right.  
And now another thought occurs  
To which we will give vent,  
For *ob*, remember, we have said  
The coming serpent meant.

Remember, too, what was declared  
That serpent *ob* should bruise,  
Long ere old Ab-ra-ham was made  
A leader of the Jews.  
And did not Jacob show the fact  
E'en at his birth he'd steal  
Since he was born, with fastened hand,  
On brother Esau's heel?

It was the heel, the serpent *Ob*  
Should bruise, as said of old,  
And in the tale of those two Suns  
The story all is told.  
The Autumn Sun denoting "Jake,"  
Was right, upon the heel  
Of Summer's Sol, which Esau was,  
As pagan arts reveal.

And there the serpent (13) may be seen,  
Up in the stellar sphere,  
Right on the heel of Bootes,  
When all those stars appear.  
Then plain it is to every one—  
Who understands our theme,  
The tale of Esau and of "Jake,"  
Is but a starry dream.

JACOB'S FAMILY.

'Tis said that Jacob had twelve sons,  
By Rachael and by Leah,  
And their two hand-maids which was not  
A moral, pure, idea.  
The only one of those twelve boys  
We now to notice bring,  
Is Joseph, whom his brothers sold  
To Potiphar the king.

(12). Kronos was to the Greeks what Saturn was to the Romans, and both were mythical personifications of Time, as was the Jewish Abraham.

(13). The Serpent is in the grasp of Ophiuchus, who was undoubtedly the I-ac-ob or Jacob of the Bible legend; while Bootes, at whose very heel the head of the Serpent is represented, is the Esau, who, as he descended below the horizon, gave place to Ophiuchus.

This wicked deed, as we are told,  
From bitter envy grew  
Because old "Jake," gave Joe a coat,  
Of colors not a few.  
And hence, poor boy, they took him off,  
To Egypt far away,  
And thus arose the tale we read,  
Of Joseph, to this day.

And let us view the twelve young men,  
As twelve months of the year,  
And all the mystery of the tale  
Will quickly disappear.  
Then Joseph is the eleventh month  
Called Jacob's eleventh son—  
November with his gaudy robes  
Of scenic beauty on.

And hence the eleven other months,  
In envy are portrayed,  
As though it were a sentiment,  
By living men displayed.  
Now when they sold and sent him off  
To Egypt's dusky land,  
Another tragedy is played  
At Nature's stern command.

Remember, that in ancient times,  
E'en as in our own day,  
Each month was said to have its Sun,  
As April, June or May;  
As Jacob was from Abraham's loins,  
He stands for Time indeed;  
So all the suns as well as months  
Are children of his seed.

And now the Sun as passing round,  
Or through the baldric sphere,  
At Autumn, takes his downward march,  
In Egypt to appear.  
In other words, November's Sun  
Begins to disappear,  
And passes through dark Egypt's land,  
Each Winter of the year.

'Twas thus he left his own fair land,  
As sacred legends tell,  
Which furnished modern priests with things  
Their pot-pourri to swell;  
For know they not, the real source,  
Of what makes up this theme,  
Is but the night-mare galloping  
Of a star-struck pagan's dream.

But we are told that these twelve sons,  
A sister Dinah had,  
And from her Bible pedigree,  
Her character was bad;  
For when she took a walk to see  
The daughters of the land,  
Behold! she met, Shechem, the prince,  
And bowed at his demand.

The story thus goes on to tell,  
That Dinah was defiled,  
Which caused the death of young Shechem,  
And all his prospects spoiled.  
A tragedy which one may see  
Upon a star-lit night  
By letting fancy have the reign  
A fiction to indite.

Then who was Dinah, but the moon  
When from our sight not hid,  
And when she took her walk abroad  
As Moses said she did?  
She moved among the queenly stars,  
The daughters of the land,  
And met with Shechem—a bright star,  
Of heaven's sheeny band.

'Twas in a scene that did occur  
Amid the starry host,  
Prince Shechem wooed and won her heart  
When she her virtue lost.  
And thus we have our story told  
Of Dinah's sullied life,  
As though it were a real fact,  
She served as Shechem's wife:

For dreamy writers of old times,  
Like those e'en of to-day,  
Personified the starry hosts  
To give their fancy play.  
But Jacob had two lovely wives  
To bear him little ones,  
Besides he courted their hand-maids,  
And hence his dozen sons.

Now let us take a novel view,  
Such as to one would seem,  
To be the course pursued by him  
Who introduced our theme.  
As copied from its prototype  
Up in the starry land,  
And painted with fictitious skill  
By some artistic hand.

Then these four women are four moons,  
That monthly do appear,  
And thus it is their mutual ties  
To Jacob doth appear.  
Rachel was the full orb moon  
When Jacob sought her grace,  
But passing out, another came  
'Twas Leah took her place.

The seven years which Jacob served,  
His Rachael to obtain,  
Were seven days, the moon's full age,  
The truth of which is plain.  
And those two hand-maids represent  
The new-moon and the old,  
And thus the substance of this tale  
We think is fairly told.

So Jacob's girls, his dozen sons—  
The first, just even four—  
Are found to be a starry joke,  
Just this, and nothing more.  
Then why not read these riddles right,  
And cease to e'er blaspheme,  
By teaching children; adults too;  
For truth; a pagan dream?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

J. Nelson Holmes Fund.

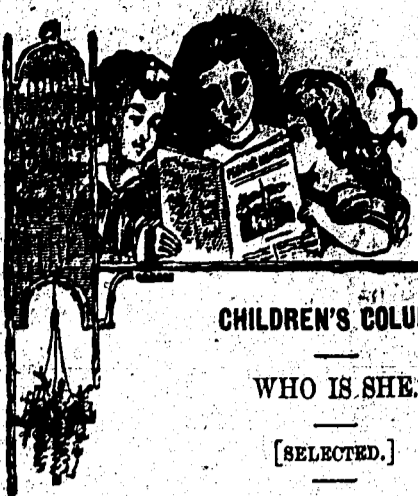
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Mr. Seibert generously offers to further aid us if a subscription is started to save our home. Also Mr. Joseph P. Hazard, has kindly offered to subscribe to that end. Very truly yours,

J. NELSON HOLMES.

Vineland, N. J., Sept. 5th, 1881.



## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

### WHO IS SHE.

[SELECTED.]

"There is a little maiden  
(Who is she? Do you know?)  
Who always has a welcome  
Wherever she may go.

"Her face is like the May-time;  
Her voice is like a bird's;  
The sweetest of all music  
Is in her lightsome words.

"Each spot she makes the brighter,  
As if she were the sun;  
And she is sought and cherished  
And loved by every one,—

"By old folks and by children,  
By lofty and by low,  
Who is this little maiden?  
Does anybody know?

"You surely must have met her;  
You certainly can guess,  
What I must introduce her;  
Her name is—Cheerfulness."

Uncle Harry's First Panther.

BY ALLAN FORMAN.

"Say, Uncle Harry, you've shot 'most everything; did you ever shoot a panther?" inquired Charlie, as he looked up from the book he was reading.

"Of course he has," interrupted Tom. "Don't you remember the skin he has in his room?"

"That panther was nothing to my first," said Uncle Harry, with a laugh.

"Tell us about it," pleaded Charlie, as he drew his chair closer to his uncle's.

Uncle Harry laughed again good-naturedly, and commenced as follows:

It was the summer your father got married that I took my first trip into the Adirondacks. I went up to Martin's, hired a guide, and we started off for Little Tupper Lake, where we were to camp. We selected a camping-place at the head of the lake, where there was a good spring of water, and soon had our tent up, and the camp fixed. Certain bear and panther tracks around the spring did not add to our sense of security; but the guide assured me that they would not come into camp in the daytime, and that at night the dog would give warning. For the first three or four days all went well; we shot a deer, caught plenty of trout, and had a good time generally. But one afternoon, about four o'clock, Hank Sweeney, my guide, came to me with the announcement that the dog was gone.

"Chawed up his rope, and skedaddled," as Hank expressed it. "I reckon he must 'a smelled that thar panther that was to the spring last night. He's death on panthers."

"What are we going to do?" I inquired, anxiously.

"Well, I reckon I'll fetch some more wood into camp, so as you can keep up a fire, then I'll take and row around the lake and up the creek, and yell for him; he won't go far," answered Hank.

"Then why not let him come home himself?" I suggested, for I had no fancy for being left in camp alone; for we had been in camp all the morning, and Hank had filled my head so full of panther stories that I trembled at every sound.

"Why, you see, he'd start out for home over on Long Lake ef he got lost," explained Hank. "And then ef he should tree a panther, he'd set at the foot of the tree till 1876 ef I didn't call him off. You ain't afraid to keep camp for an hour or two?" he added.

"O-h-h-n-o-o!" I murmured.

For the next few minutes Hank busied himself in collecting a large pile of pine boughs and dry sticks for the fire. Then he shouldered my light rifle, and handing me his heavy one, he remarked:

"I guess I'll start. Keep up a good fire, and don't go fur away from it, as the panthers come close to camp sometimes along the edge of the evening, and climb into a tree; then when a feller goes under they drop on him. I'll leave my heavy rifle for you, for it would give you a better chance if anything should turn up."

"Hand't I better go with you?" I ventured.

"And leave the camp alone?" answered Hank, in fine scorn. "Why, that deer would draw all the cats in the neighborhood. Keep the fire a-going, and you're all right."

I thought to myself that I would much prefer to be out of the way when all the cats in the neighborhood came to investigate the deer; but Hank was in the boat, and I could hear the splash of the oars as he pulled up the lake. I sat by the fire, with Hank's rifle on my knees, listening as the sound of his voice calling the dog died away in the distance. I examined the rifle, and saw that it was loaded; it was one of the old pattern repeating rifles, and kicked like a mule. I tried to whistle, but it was a failure. I endeavored to turn my thoughts to something else, but it was no use. The story of the man who fell asleep beside the camp fire and was eaten up by a panther; of the other man who had a panther jump on him from a tree and who lost both eyes in the struggle, and of various other men who had been killed or wounded by the fierce animals, were uppermost in my mind. I sat and watched the sunlight fade, the gold and crimson melt off the fleecy clouds, and the shadows as they gathered thicker and deeper in the valleys. Except for the occasional weird and demon-like laugh of the loon far down the lake, everything was perfectly still, and every sound seemed magnified; the cracking of a twig seemed the tread of a bear, the buzz of a night beetle, the growl of a panther. I sat, I don't know how long, till suddenly my heart almost stopped beating as I heard the steady but stealthy sound of footsteps on my left. I did not dare to move. At last, with a desperate exertion, I turned, and there in the crotch of a low tree, about twenty feet from me, sat an immense panther just ready to spring. It was so dark that I could just distinguish the outlines of his form, and his two eyes gleaming like coals of fire. I raised the rifle carefully to my shoulder. I took aim right between the eyes, fired, and missed, I supposed, for the beast was in the same position, and I could see

his eyes wink and glare at me vindictively. I shot again, but as before with no effect. I grew desperate, and fired the whole five shots as rapidly as I could, and was just reaching for my revolver, when Hank came rushing up the bank followed by his dog.

"What on earth is the matter?" he shouted. I pointed to the motionless form in the tree, and gasped, "A panther! See his eyes! Shoot him, Hank!" I was nearly beside myself with fear by this time, and my hair stood on end, like wire.

Hank looked at the tree for a moment, then turning to me, fairly shouted, "A panther! Why, you—" and here he burst into a roar of laughter. "A panther! Why, it's—" and again he laughed so heartily that he had to hold on to a tree for support. At last, when he had recovered himself somewhat, he went to the tree, and reaching up into the crotch he took down a blue army coat with brass buttons. As he unrolled it and gazed at the holes made by my bullets he burst into a fresh fit of laughter. Every bullet had taken effect, and as Hank remarked, "it was of no use except for the top to a pepper box." Here Uncle Harry stopped and laughed at the recollection of the scene, then he added, in explanation, "You see, children, the coat was rolled so that two of the brass buttons showed and glittered in the fire light like the eyes of some wild animal. I promised Hank a new coat and unlimited tobacco if he would say nothing about it; but the story was too good to keep, and all the way home I was teased with sly hints about my panther hunt. Hello, it's ten o'clock. Come off to bed every one of you," added Uncle Harry, looking at his watch.

"You didn't save the skin of that panther, did you, Uncle Harry?" said Charlie, as he left the room.

### A Clever Dog.

A young lady living in Shropshire owns a very handsome brown fox-terrier, named Minto. Minto is a great pet with every one, and though she is a very gentle creature to those she knows, she is fierce at beggars or strangers who dare to set foot on her master's premises.

One day Minto's mistress was much distressed, as she had lost a gold locket which she wore and valued. She remembered having crossed a field in her father's grounds in the morning, where the grass was growing for hay. After hunting everywhere else for her locket, the thought struck her that she might have dropped it in the long grass. She set off at once for the field, followed by her faithful companion, Minto.

She used to chatter to the dog in the same way as she would to a human being. In her distress she turned round rather sharply to the dog, who was close at her heel, and said:

"Minto, can't you find my locket?"

Minto looked at her for a moment, then suddenly left her side and ran on in front in the narrow pathway, with her nose on the ground, sniffing. Presently the animal came to a tuft of coarse grass. She suddenly stopped, thrust her nose in amongst the grass, and then threw her head up and gave a long, low howl. Her mistress did not notice her at first, but at last she noticed the dog's strange behaviour. On going up to the spot she saw Minto standing, looking very proud, with the gold locket lying at her feet!

But for Minto she could not have found it, for it had fallen into the midst of the long grass.

L. G. M. B.

259 2d. St., DETROIT, Mich., Oct. 1, '81.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR FRIEND—(For so I must call you):—I cannot refrain from writing a word of commendation for the manful words you have spoken in your paper of the above date.

Every fiber of my soul responded to the sentiments you uttered in relation to the Proclamation of President Arthur. I wish a thousand tongues would utter the true sentiment that pervades the human heart in matters of this kind.

The people in their ignorance and simplicity, do not even believe a word of this theological nonsense about God bringing about the direct calamities that can befall individuals or nations. No man, ignorant, simple, or learned, believes it. It is only the priests and their hypocritical satellites that can see the finger of God in the assassin's bullet, or in the worse than hellish fires that have visited our Michigan.

Why does not our Governor issue a proclamation and give the "Whereas, God, in his inscrutable wisdom," has been pleased to visit our State with a great fire, destroying the labor of years, maiming and impoverishing a great many citizens for life, while some favored few have been, through much torment, translated to himself, and whereas, it is fitting, etc.

But the Governor won't do it; and if he did, the people would pay no attention to it. They would go right on, endeavoring to give all the aid to the sufferers possible under the circumstances.

You justly complain of mixing Christianity with Spiritualism. And you have good cause to do so, together with Spiritualists all over the land. We can scarce get hold of a lecturer but gives us a portion of the mixed nauseating dose. It is only when the Liberal element prevails that we can have even Spiritualism spoken in its original purity. But of all things I most complain of, is mixing Christianity with the government and its politics.

What has either of them to do with Religion, Spiritualism, Liberalism, or Infidelity? I say, let each dish be served up separately, and let individuals mix for themselves. When I want anything, I call for it, and expect the thing called for. As it is in the commonest affairs of life, so in what are termed the greater. No one has a right to dictate what shall or shall not be done, especially in the name and place of God. When He has anything to claim of us, let him speak for himself. He is of age.

And especially, when some great calamity is to be executed, let there be a notice beforehand, so that we can govern ourselves accordingly. Make a proclamation beforehand; not through a President or priest, but through a special heavenly agent; one who will not be mistaken for some tramp who ought to be on his way to an asylum to be properly cared for.

But enough. I only intended to say a word of approval, and thus strengthen your hands; but instead, have scribbled over these scraps of paper until I can scarcely arrange them myself.

Pardon me, but believe me,

Ever yours truly,

BENJ. F. STAMM.

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Or, Recipes and Facts for the Million.  
(Illustrated.) A perfect mine of information. Worth \$10  
year to any one. Just the book for you. Sent free during  
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141 S. Eighth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The *Banner* says: "When we were called upon to aid our spirit friends in inaugurating this Bureau on earth," etc. We want, the *Banner* to tell its readers who "our spirit friends" are? We want them to tell what it had to do with inaugurating "this Bureau," if "this Bureau was not an affair of its own, and not of "our spirit friends."

Was it the *Banner* that was called? We opine not, as all the calling that has been done has been by the *Banner* and Dr. Brittan, so far as we have seen or heard. That there has been enough and more than enough of their "calling," the most patient Spiritualist will not deny. At any rate we have become sick of it, and our patience with the weaknesses and follies of would-be spiritual leaders has become proverbial. But now we reach a point where the insolence of these would-be spiritual popes has attained its acme, and we are determined it shall have the full it has provoked. The *Banner* says: "We expected, that we should have the hearty co-operation of every paper devoted to the cause." We know it expected it, for it thought that every paper devoted to the cause, was conducted on the same cravenly selfish principles, that animated its own management. It thought that other papers devoted to Spiritualism were as unfaithful to that cause as itself. What right it had to think so, we would like to know. Whether that Editor-at-Large proposition with its "Secular Press Bureau" addition came from the spirit or the mortal side of life, it was an insult to every faithful editorial worker in the spiritual movement. If it emanated from spirits, it emanated from spirits who sought to ignore or detract from the importance and necessity of maintaining and encouraging the most fearless and uncompromising advocacy and defence of Spiritualism by spiritual journals. What kind of defence of Spiritualism, either as to its phenomena or teachings will any "secular paper," so-called, allow to be made in its columns. In the vaunted case, in which it is claimed that Dr. Brittan sat down on the *New York Times*, for its attack upon Spiritualism, he was not permitted to reply through the columns of that paper, but had to content himself with the use of the *Hartford Times*, a paper, of very limited general circulation, for a hearing. It is a wholly gratuitous assumption that Dr. Brittan, as "editor-at-large" or as "manager of the Secular Press Bureau," has ever been or that he will ever be recognized as having the least claim to the use of the columns of any "secular" paper, whose editor is not lost to all sense of self-respect. It was this pretence that we felt it our duty to so emphatically resent, and equally so the pretence that Dr. Brittan had any claim to speak for or represent spirits or Spiritualism, that any other well informed Spiritualist had not in an equal degree. But what does the *Banner of Light* mean when it says, in relation to our course as the conductor of a spiritual paper, in this matter: "but bitter opposition took the place of duty in this respect, mysterious as it may appear." Does the superannated drivelling nominal head of that paper, presume that we will overlook this breach of editorial courtesy? If he does he is mistaken that is all. Premature senility and puerility on his part, shall not avail to shield the presumption of those who crone behind that once properly filled editorial chair. We want these gentry one and all to understand that it is neither their right to beslime the cause of Spiritualism, with arrogant, selfishness or insulting insolence; nor is it our duty or pleasure to stand by and see them assume such airs of superiority as would disgust "Bombastes Furioso," himself, with their sickening folly.

We assure these gentlemen, that it is the height of rashness to suppose that the accession of the *Two Worlds* will render it any more safe, than before, for them to venture to insult spirits or Spiritualists with their egotistical assumptions. It will take *The Two Worlds* many times multiplied to give a color of excuse for the swindle it endorses.

#### A MEDIUM ASSAILED BY THE "BANNER OF LIGHT" AMPLY VINDICATED.

We last week noticed the attack of the *Banner of Light* on Mr. D. McLennan of San Francisco, California, and showed from the statements of Albert Morton, *Light for All*, and the *Banner* itself, that Mr. McLennan had been foully treated by each and all of them. We then promised to give the other side of the story as soon as we could obtain the same. We now have the satisfaction of giving, through our columns, a letter written to the *Banner of Light*, which the managers of that paper never had the fairness nor honesty to publish. The reader will see what confidence can be placed in the *Banner*, in the light of this dishonorable treatment of a genuine and unoffending medium. As will be seen, this overwhelming testimony, in behalf of Mr. McLennan, utterly annihilates his dishonest accusers. We are pained and mortified beyond expression, to see the "Old" *Banner of Light* taking up the nefarious business, almost abandoned by the *R. P. Journal*, of slandering and persecuting inoffending mediums. Shame! shame! shame! Let this thing stop at once. It is too much to expect that the *Banner*, in this instance, can afford to acknowledge its humiliation; but let it avoid such suicidal folly in the future.

#### A PRETENDER EXPOSED.

"We published in good faith, July 17th, a letter from L. B. Hopkins, endorsing the alleged mediumship of D. McLennan, 111 Geary street, San Francisco. We are now in possession of reliable information from our San Francisco book and newspaper agent, Mr. Albert Morton, to the effect that the said McLennan is an impostor. Mr. Morton has forwarded us a diagram of McLennan's 'Seance room.' From a personal inspection and measurement of them, no doubt is left in his mind that the whole thing was a fraud. We are also in receipt of a card from another reliable gentleman, to this effect: 'D. McLennan, materializer, has come to grief; his appliances all dis-

covered—trap-door, sawed boards, concealed closet for confederates, hole in the plastering to pass ballots through, section of wall for confederates to come out,' etc.

"Our readers must not connect this impostor, on account of a similarity of name, with Dr. J. D. McLennan, of San Francisco, who is an altogether different man, and doing much good, we are informed."—*Banner of Light*, of Aug. 6th.

"In answer to the above charges, we, the undersigned, submit the following:

"ENDORSEMENT OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MEDIUM, D. MCLENNAN.

"SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 12, 1881.

"To the Editor of the *Banner of Light*:

"DEAR SIR:—Realizing how an editor can sometimes be made the medium of unwittingly doing a great injustice to an innocent person, by accepting a one-sided statement of events beyond his personal knowledge, and relying upon the false conclusions and plausible representations of his correspondent for his facts, we hereby send this communication, and assure you that such is your case in the above quoted statement you editorially published in the *Banner of Light* of August 6th, condensed from the correspondence of Mr. Albert Morton, entitled 'A Pretender Exposed,' alluding to D. McLennan, the materializing medium of this city. We, the undersigned, assure you it should have been headed 'A Pretended Exposure,' and there are plenty of them, God knows, without the staunch old *Banner* soiling its folds with such calumnies.

"Like many other pretended exposures, the one sent to you must have been simply a perversion of facts and judgment—to put it in its most charitable light. We deem it our duty to step out of the privacy of our lives, in this case, to free the reputation of a grand and honest materializing medium from the calumny of being an 'impostor' and a 'fraud,' as you editorially charge; and demand of you, in justice, publication of this refutation.

"D. McLennan has been giving seances, for months past, such as has been described by your correspondent, L. B. Hopkins, in your issue of July 16th; that is, sitting in the sight of the audience during the whole seance, only half enveloped in the curtain that forms the enclosure of the small alcove, less than three feet by five, in the seance room of the old building he formerly occupied on Geary street. The building in question was simply an old wooden shell, built, in the custom of the early days of California, with board partitions, clothed over and papered. It was under these conditions, after the alcove had been thoroughly examined by the audience every seance night, and had been subjected to the investigation of any and all who may have visited the room in the day-time, (for it was for months the public reception room of D. McLennan, he being, like his brother, spoken of in your article, a practicing magnetic healer); that at his seances musical concerts were given, within this enclosure, on a banjo, two pairs of bones, a violin and tambourine; very often all being played at once; and that two and three materialized figures appeared at a time; the medium sitting in sight of his audience at every seance.

"Mr. McLennan was always most careful to avoid everything that could cause suspicion. As the prying fingers of the curious broke and tore the wall paper and the cloth in the corner of this alcove, Mr. McLennan reclined it; taking over them strips of unbleached cotton lengthways around the whole alcove, from floor to ceiling. Knowing the class of persons he had to deal with, he was always anxious to place himself under the strictest test conditions, so as to avoid the slightest cause for imputation of trickery or confederacy. This was while in the old house, and no one ever thought of charging him with fraud while there.

"Now, mark the difference! He moves to his new location on Kearney street, in a brick building, and had not given up the key of his old house; which was vacant, unlocked and accessible to any one, when twenty-four hours afterward, as he informs us, his Geary street landlord comes to him, charging him with having left the house in a damaged condition. He went to see what was the matter, and, lo and behold, the "investigators" had been there. They had sawed through the floor, ripped up the boards to peep between old dusty beams, that had not seen the light for over twenty years, tore boards from the walls, poked holes in the rotten old ceiling overhead; and made sad havoc everywhere. The astonished ex-tenant got a hammer and nails and nailed the old boards down as well as he could, fixed things up in a manner acceptable to the landlord, handed him the keys, and cautioned him to look out for his property. The landlord foolishly left the doors open, and "investigators" soon overrun the premises. Every one had some poking and prying to do on his or her own account; and the result was a very much demolished set of old boards; an infuriated landlord; and some horrified old women, who had discovered a new Chamber of Horrors in an old boarded up and clothed and papered-up space sixteen inches wide, that had evidently been cut off from encroaching on the stairway beneath; probably just after the old house was built, some twenty-five years ago, to keep certain elongated pioneers from bumping their aspiring heads as they came up the stairs.

"Soon the story of the trap door, etc., began to spread. To those who had witnessed the seances and seance room, it was too ridiculous to give ear to. It was simply absurd nonsense. Now, you can imagine our surprise when the staid old *Banner* comes to us with an endorsement of this new three black crows story, written up by one, who, if he has attended McLennan's seances, is, unfortunately, too deaf and blind physically, if not mentally, to set himself up as an expert to judge of materializations.

"Mr. McLennan is now giving seances in his new quarters, the brick house aforesaid—which is lathed and plastered—under the strongest tests that ingenuity can invent, and sitting in sight of his audiences all the seance, and yet, exactly the same class of phenomena, the musical seances and materializations occur.

"We will not trespass on your space further. We will only affix our signatures endorsing Mr. D. McLennan's seances, both in the old house and the new, as being undoubted and genuine manifestations of mediumship—surprising as they are. But we cannot close without imploring you as editor of the *Banner of Light*, to be more careful hereafter in denouncing any medium, particularly any materializing medium, residing on this coast as an impostor; for you cannot know of the local prejudices and jealousies that exist in this community against such, that causes them to be cal-

umnated, and strives to drive them out from among us whenever it is possible to do so. This war has been going on for years, and we, as residents of San Francisco, are aware of it:

"J. P. Bogardus, editor of *Figaro*; L. B. Hopkins, 617 Third st.; Dr. L. L. Moore, Livermore, Cal.; R. W. Denman, 219 Pacific st., S. F.; A. J. Smith, Dalles, Oregon; Prof. L. A. Munger, 776 Howard st.; J. F. Schafer, 11 Montgomery st.; Mrs. Mary R. Crook, 733 1/2 Minna st.; Mrs. 11. Moore, 322 Mason st.; J. D. Pierson; E. S. Sleeper, 334 Fremont st.; Capt. W. E. Bushnell, 511 O'Farrell st.; Mrs. Rose L. Bushnell, 511 O'Farrell st.; Mrs. Shelly Clark, 38 Seventh st.; Rev. J. N. Parker, 126 Fourteenth st.; S. B. Whitehead, 1812 Sacramento st.; Addie S. Ballou, 511 O'Farrell st.; Mrs. E. P. Thorndyke, 675 Mission st.; Mrs. A. A. Connor, 112 Guerrero st.; Thomas W. Reid, materializing medium, 1033 Mission st.; J. D. McLennan, healer, 114 Geary st.; Mr. S. R. Stevens, 38 Seventh st.; E. A. Bonine, Yuma, Arizona; Mrs. H. E. Wiley, 314 Bash st.; Joseph Hollpeter, 126 Bartlett st.

#### ADDENDA.

"W. Lindsey hereby certifies: that I have been the agent for the house No. 114 Geary st., for years; that D. McLennan rented it from me on the second day of June, 1880, and further certify that the alcove in his reception room, where, I am told, his seances were given, has not been changed by him in any respect; and that it was, and is, the same in dimensions and appearance in every regard as it was before he rented the premises.

W. LINDSEY, Agent for 111 Geary st., San Francisco, August 18th, 1881.

"This is to certify that the names attached to the communication entitled 'Endorsement of the San Francisco Medium, D. McLennan,' are, to my actual knowledge, genuine signatures; and that they were all, with one exception, signed to the communication in my presence, after having its contents read to them; and further, that nearly all the signers are known to me personally to be persons of good repute and standing in community.

J. P. BOGARDUS.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 25th day of August, 1881.

SAM'L S. MURPHY,  
Notary Public.

From the respective dates of the above documents, it will be seen that the *Banner of Light* had not the poor excuse of ignorance for its dishonest attempt to injure Mr. McLennan, in its issue of week before last.

#### THE IMPORTANT LESSON SHALL IT BE FORGOTTEN?

On the 2d of July last, scarcely four months after the inauguration of James A. Garfield as the duly chosen President of the United States of America, for the current presidential term, he was assassinated, and the will of the people set at naught. The act was apparently that of a single man, and the vast majority of honest, unsuspecting people, have settled into the belief that such was the fact. To account for the action of the assassin, various theories have been broached, among others the following.

Many have settled into the belief that it was the result of a diseased or crazed mind, and have sought for the cause of the mental disorder, and the reason for the direction in which the supposed insanity manifested itself. It was known that when arrested, in his attempt to escape, Guiteau exclaimed, "I am a stalwart of the stalwarts," leaving it to be inferred that he had assassinated the President in the interest, and at the instance of a faction of Republican politicians; and it was remembered that he had been seen hanging around the State Department and the White House, under the pretence that he was seeking an office under the government. These circumstances were sufficient to lead some otherwise very sensible persons to believe that Guiteau, in his disappointment at not obtaining office, had been driven to madness, and in a spirit of frenzied revenge he had slain the President. This opinion is still entertained by many persons of more than ordinary capacity of reflection and judgment. They do not seem to have thought it worth while to consider the probability that Guiteau was carrying out a prearranged plot, in which he was only the chosen or allotted tool to execute the common purpose of himself and his confederates. From the moment we heard the facts in this case, the conviction took hold of our mind, that Guiteau was not alone in planning the commission of that terrible crime. If we are right in that view of the matter, then it is very evident that the pretence that he was an office seeker, was intended to effect two objects; first, to have an excuse for seeking to see the President, in order that he might assassinate him; and second, to give his act the appearance of being one of personal revenge, and divert public attention from the real motive behind his act. Had Guiteau been actuated as he pretended, by his desire to bring the Conkling faction of the Republican party into power, he would have adhered to that pretence, and continued to state that to have been his motive in taking the life of the President. But from the time the prison door closed upon him no more was heard from him as to his "stalwartism," or his desire that Arthur should take the helm of state. That his act was animated by political ends is sufficiently apparent, and the question arises as to the nature of the political ends to be accomplished by his act. That it was not to place the Conkling faction in power, is made as apparent by his course since he was imprisoned, as that he was not animated by any personal feeling against the President. Independent of a knowledge of circumstances that point strongly towards the source of Guiteau's action, which we intend to lay before the public authorities, we attach great

weight to the following indications from spirit life of the real political objects sought through the assassination of President Garfield.

While we were at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting on August 18th, we had a sitting with that admirable medium, Mrs. Carry E. Twing, when we received the following communication under circumstances that convinced us that it did really come from the spirit of Abraham Lincoln. It was written mechanically; through the hand of the medium, while at the same time she was conversing with us upon matters wholly foreign to the subject her hand was writing about. It was as follows:

"The battle is not to the strong alone. Look for new results. The 'Shadow of Death,' as you call it, is over the White House. Keep this, and remember that a name, even the name of 'Stalwart,' cannot cloak all things. O nation, beware! You are weaving your own shroud, unless you can divk yourselves from all enemies of Truth, that Right shall be triumphant. There is not much to be said. The nation's interests are in the balance. Brave men, to the rescue! Trust not that which trembles and turns pale at the thought of assuming a sentinel's position. Blood has been shed. Keep this; and watch the signs of the times. I watch, work, and wait.

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

From the moment we received that communication, our mind has recalled it daily, and we have "watched the signs of the times." We have not feared nor hesitated to assume a sentinel's position; and it was while so engaged that our eye fell upon the following spirit signal, as to the direction in which we should look for the danger that most nearly and immediately threatens the permanency of American institutions and the safety of society. We find it in a "Trance discourse delivered by Spirit E. H. Chapin, through the medial instrumentality of W. J. Colville, in Berkely Hall, Boston, Sunday morning, Sept. 25th, 1881." This discourse was published in the *Banner of Light*, under the title, "Why Our President Was Killed," in its issue of Oct. 8th. We make the following most significant extract from that spirit discourse:

"When Garfield entered the White House, a spirit of dissatisfaction reigned throughout the length and breadth of this nation. Unperceived by many of you, unimagined by the majority of the citizens, the spirit of Nihilism, which is antagonistic to all free government and all liberty, whatever Nihilists may say to the contrary, was working with its deadly influence in your midst. Men were beginning to look upon governments as in themselves evil; men were beginning to look upon all officials as their natural enemies; and instead of regarding the President in the light of the one whom they had chosen to represent themselves, they were beginning to look upon all people in authoritative positions as those who were opposed to their advancement."

Here we have another spirit declaration that no "stalwart" partisanship had anything to do with the act of the assassin Guiteau; but that it was the outcome of an extensive sentiment of "Nihilism," as the spirit terms the political faction represented by the assassin. In France, the same political fanatics and enemies of government and social order were called Red Republicans; and in this country, where they exist to a much wider extent than is known or imagined, they call themselves Communists and Socialists, and have an organization led by as worthless a set of demagogues as ever cursed any country. That it was at the instigation of these enemies of humanity, that Guiteau committed that devilish and dangerous crime, will yet become apparent; and when that time comes, short work will be made of those who are in any way involved in this conspiracy against the peace and welfare of humanity. We will have more to say on this head hereafter. We are watching these plotters, and we will fearlessly expose any of their proceedings we can unearth.

#### Mr. Henry Lacroix.

We translate from the *Moniteur de la Federation Belge*, of Brussels, of 15th September, the following item of news:

"Mr. Henry Lacroix is an American medium of the most perfect disinterestedness; he undertakes journeys with the laudable object of pushing forward the propagation of the Spiritual doctrine. During a short sojourn which he has just made at Brussels, he made an incursion into Holland, to verify the progress of Spiritism. The 26th of August he delivered a lecture in St. Michael's Hall, which he had hired, and as the entrance was gratuitous and free, he had a large audience, of whom the majority were investigators.

"Mr. Lacroix has greatly stimulated the zeal of our Spiritual circles, especially upon the subject of the development of mediums for physical manifestations, such as independent writing, materializations, spirit photography, etc. 'These phases of mediumship,' he told them, 'could not be generally developed but by long and patient application. If you meet together with a lively desire for success, during three months, six months, or more, if necessary, with patience and perseverance, you will at last meet with progressive signs of success. These phenomena of powerful mediumship are, with us in America, quite common; but, on the other hand, how patient and persevering are our mediums during their development, occupying perhaps a year! We pay our public mediums well and generously; their time employed and their services merit it, for these transcendent phenomena possess a great power of propagation and conviction.'

"In this connection, we remarked that there must doubtless be many mediumistic frauds. 'Much fewer,' he replied, 'than you suppose.' Our administrator of the *Moniteur* possesses a photographic apparatus. Mr. Lacroix assured him that to obtain a spirit photograph, the apparatus was useless; it sufficed to subject a sensitized plate to the action of the spirit, and the first step to success was made; it is visible, but too feeble to be recognized. We give thanks to Mr. Lacroix."

### A Spirit Communication that Should Settle the Question as to the Return of Jesus, the Virgin Mary, St. Peter, Etc., in Materialized Form.

Some two years ago, we published accounts, sent to us by valued and respected friends, describing certain spirit visitations at the seances of Mrs. Anna Stewart, at Pence's Hall, Terre Haute, Ind., among whom it was said were Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary, John the Baptist, St. Peter, etc. The circumstances attending these visitations were so manifestly calculated to create popular prejudice against the medium, and the spiritualist friends of that estimable lady, that we felt it our duty to strip the masqueraders, and to show them to be what we well knew they were, a gang of deceiving Catholic spirits who sought to bring reproach upon those who were demonstrating truths which, if even generally known, will make an end of priest craft and theological lying. Knowing that it would be useless to meet these deceptions with argument and reason, we applied the knife of satire and humor to disposing of this disgusting eruption on the otherwise fair body of Spiritualism. For this we have been denounced as being an enemy of Mrs. Stewart and her friends, and indeed allowed ourselves to be denounced through our own columns by James Hook, one of the Annie Stewart committee, as being a foe to Spiritualism, more to be opposed than an open and avowed enemy. Intelligent and influential Spiritualists, among whom were Dr. Joseph R. Buchanan, Mr. Charles R. Miller, editor of the *Psychometric Circular*, Judge Lawrence, Mr. A. L. Hatch and other equally intelligent and influential Spiritualists in various parts of the country, concurred in condemning our course. Dr. Buchanan and Mr. Miller called upon Psychometry to establish the genuineness and identity of those appearing spirits, and claimed that in the light of infallible psychometric experiments and tests, made through some of the best psychometric sensitives, the fact was established beyond all question that Jesus Christ, the Virgin Mary and St. Peter, as well as other mythical personages had descended from heaven to earth, and had held converse with mortals at Pence's Hall. Notwithstanding all this infallible proof of our lack of spiritual discernment, we sturdily maintained that the spirits in question were masquerading cheats who were carrying on their antics to injure the cause of Spiritualism, and make influential Spiritualists to appear as fools. We knew that time would vindicate the wisdom of our course, and were content to work on and wait for that vindication which we knew would, sooner or later, come from the spirit side of life. We claim that that time has come.

One of the cheating devices resorted to by those untruthful spirit enemies of Spiritualism, was the production of photographs through Mrs. Stewart's mediumship, which were represented by the producers of them to be photographic likenesses of Jesus, Mary, etc. Among those who were used to help them in their work of deception, was Mrs. Lucy E. Lewis, formerly of Cincinnati, Ohio, but lately of Jacksonville, Fla. Mrs. Lewis was a very remarkable and peculiar sensitive, whose emotional nature was intense in the extreme; and who became, in a measure, the chosen medium of spirits George and Martha Washington, who, hundreds of times, materialized in her presence and conversed with mortals. It was our privilege to be present on several of those occasions, when the identity of both spirits seemed unmistakable. Subsequently, Mrs. Lewis, who had moved to Florida, became beset by Catholic spirits, either those who were carrying on their masquerading pranks at Terre Haute, or who were operating in concert with the latter, who contrived to drive out Mrs. Lewis' controlling guides, and influenced her to go to Terre Haute, where she would have the fact demonstrated to her, that she was to become the chosen medium of Jesus of Nazareth, by his coming to her in materialized form through Mrs. Stewart, and giving her that assurance in person. On her way to Terre Haute, Mrs. Lewis stopped in Louisville, Ky., where she visited Mrs. Dr. Abbie E. Cutter, who was then carrying on her grand work of mediumistic healing in that city. Mrs. Lewis prevailed upon Dr. Cutter to accompany her to Terre Haute, and she was present when the manifestly fraudulent picture of Jesus was produced by these bigoted and untruthful spirit cheats. Not believing that any spirits existed who would be guilty of such deception as was then and there practiced, both these ladies became thoroughly convinced that they had seen and conversed with Jesus Christ, and that he had given them a picture of himself at that time. Mrs. Lewis, entirely deluded by her spirit deceivers, published a pamphlet account of this, as she supposed, most important event; and as it now seems, from her spirit communication, she passed to spirit life, carrying with her this deplorable delusion. At a recent seance, given at Wicket's Island, the home of Mrs. Dr. Cutter and family, and most important point d'appui of grand working spirits, the spirit of Mrs. Lewis returned to her friend, Dr. Cutter, and communicated the following information to her, which she requested to have taken down and published. At the time it was given, no one present knew of the transition of Mrs. Lewis to spirit life. The communication, which was given, October 10th, instant, was as follows:

MOST CHERISHED FRIEND:—How strange that I

should be brought back to you, who came to me as an angel of light, yet I would not receive that which you brought. I, who tried so hard to do my work while in the form, must stay here to undo that which unfriendly influences caused me to do. My beloved and honored Washington was for some time driven from me, while the Jesuits personated him to me. Now I can see how terribly I have been deceived. My work is already given me to do. This will be to visit mediums and save them from influences that will surround them, and cause them to seclude themselves from the world, for their own good ostensibly, while the real purpose is to destroy their usefulness in the field of reform. Oh! my dear friend, had I only listened to you, you would have saved me from coming to spirit life to drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs, by being shown that all they told me, the last five or six years of my life, was of no use to me, nor any other person, in that it was a piece of deceptive counsel from first to last. I have been taunted since leaving the form, by those very ones who came in the guise of friends, because I had implicitly trusted and obeyed them. Well it is over now, and I am glad I am where I see, and where no one can deceive me; so it is better for me. But, dear sister, I am getting ready to go out to work for your project, so that when such persons come to this side, we may bring them here where a place is prepared for them. Dear sister, when I found myself in spirit life, I called in agony of spirit for my band, and those who I thought loved me; but they came not. I had to learn the depth of the deceit that had been practiced upon me by those who thought to render the cause, by and through my instrumentality, absurd and ridiculous and as nought; so I am suffering to-day from their efforts to still keep me in their power. But blessed Dr. Warren came, and brought me to you, to this island home, for two reasons. The principal one is, that I may be guarded from this band of Jesuits who are determined to have me in their midst, to act as a medium in spirit life, and thus help them in their efforts to destroy media in the earth life. Another reason was that I might be taught, unmolested by opposing influences, the laws of control, so that I might go forth as a missionary, guarding our poor media in earth life, from those who seek them, now, every one of them. Oh! dear sister, now I understand your work and can appreciate all the struggles you made. I was so under the control of those dark spirits, that it made me selfish and egotistical. Every day I can see clearer and clearer what their plans were. They helped me to do all I did, and were careful to do it in a way so as always to render it plain to those who were in the light, to see something which brought contempt upon the cause at large. I thank all the good angels that I was taken before I had brought any more ridicule upon you, who are toiling in the heat of the battle. I was completely under the very influences that, in my mind, I accused others of being. In that Southern climate, all the influences are Catholic, and I beg of you to always discourage media from going to an old Catholic country, if they are weak and negative. My dear sister, I cannot say more at this time. Make any use of this you see fit too, for I must do what I can towards undoing that which I was made to do. Though I cannot control so as to say all I would say, I am thankful to this medium for this privilege. I will come to her again when I am stronger. Dr. Warren says this will do me great good. Just think of it! I am like a little child just learning its letters, I, whom they told was so advanced in spiritual growth. Well, we must learn to be humble, always and ever, for those who are highest spiritually are the least among men. Oh! I thank you all—you dear sisters, and this medium, and her good kind husband who is a king among men. I cannot say more. Your Sister,

L. E. LEWIS.

Was there ever a more important lesson than that taught to those who, claiming to be themselves Spiritualists, have the weakness and folly to call themselves Editors-at-Large, and the especial representatives of the spirit world, as has been done by Dr. Brittan and the conductors of the *Banner of Light*; and to those who, like Dr. Eugene Crowell, Dr. Buchanan, Dr. Peebles, Mr. Kiddle, and others, are weak enough to desire to trail in the theological wake of the Christian myth Jesus, represented by a set of priestly spirit bigots, who seek to stay the resistless tide of truth; and to mediums who, like Miss Jennie Leys, Mrs. Hyzer, and others, are willingly submissively to yield to similar priestly influences, in either teaching their theological falsehoods, or in secluding themselves, under the delusion that they are acting in accord with the will of the Nazarene, who has no other existence than in their deceived imaginings? In the light of such spirit experiences and testimony as that of Mrs. Lucy E. Lewis, what longer excuse can there be for toleration in Spiritualism, of the soul-crushing influences of bigoted Christian spirits? They are the great hindrance to the spread of Spiritualism, and have never been anything but a curse to the mediums whose misfortune it is to be brought under their soul-crushing power. Never were these evilly disposed spirits more actively at work than now, and it behooves all Spiritualists, and especially all mediums to labor for the utter defeat of their ruinous psychological power. When we see their interference in every department of spiritual work that is going on, what excuse is there for Spiritualists to try and conceal this crying evil? We can see none, and hence have resisted it with all the energy of our nature, and we will resist it until it is overcome. We tell you, one and all, that these baleful obstructors of truth will never cease their efforts to prevent its spread until the fact is demonstrated that any continuance of their hostile efforts will be useless. When that time comes, they will join the friends of truth in the grand work of pushing on the car of human progress. Unite then as one person in this work of diarming these spirit foes of their race, and let your motto be

"We conquer to save,"

### EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

SPECIMEN copies of MIND AND MATTER and the *Spiritual Offering* will be sent free to all who apply at either office.

Dr. B. F. BROWN, Lewiston, Me., keeps MIND AND MATTER and *The Banner of Light* always on file at his office for the benefit of strangers.

Our promised translation of Dupuis' discovery of the origin and age of the zodiac, has been crowded out of this issue, but will appear next week.

Mr. FRANK T. RIPLEY, the well known medium, is having great success at Gurnee, Ill., where he now has made a further engagement for the coming month.

Mrs. CARRIE E. S. TWING, the noted writing medium, is now located for a month at 332 Main street, Springfield, Mass., where she is quite busy giving private sittings.

We specially call the attention of our readers to the communication of Spirit Lucy E. Lewis, in connection with the accompanying editorial comments, in another column of this issue.

Mrs. DR. WHEELER, No. 38 N. 5th street, Camden, N. J., late of New Haven, Conn., Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer, solicits a thorough testing of her powers. Examinations, \$1; treatment, \$2. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Our reports of communications from ancient spirits through the mediumship of Alfred James, will close with next number of MIND AND MATTER, the work of those spirits in that direction being completed as per their announcement.

Mrs. LIZZIE LENZBERG, the well known healing medium of New York, has returned home from a successful visit at Lake Pleasant Camp-meeting, and will be pleased to receive her old and new friends at her old residence, No. 354 W. 35th St., New York City.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.—A small Spartan band of Spiritualists in the city of Atlanta, Ga., are endeavoring to publish a Spiritual magazine, and appeal to the Spiritualists throughout the country for subscriptions. Terms \$2 per year. Address C. C. Stockell, Atlanta, Ga.

MANCHESTER, N. H., June 27, 1881.—The Spiritualist Society hold public circles every Sunday at 6:30 P. M., in their hall, No. 14 Opera House Block, Hanover street; lectures commencing September 11th. Asa Emery, President; Jos. Freschl, Vice President; G. F. Rumrill, Secretary.

A SPIRITUALIST'S and Medium's meeting will be held at Grimes' Hall, 13 South Halsted street, Sunday 3 P. M. J. Matthew Shea, M. D., clairvoyant and test medium, assisted by other well known clairvoyants, present each Sunday. Geo. Mostow, Chairman. Chicago, Ill., Oct. 4, 1881.

The Chicago Progressive Lyceum will open, after its summer vacation, in Union Park Hall on Madison street, near Bishop's court. Its sessions commence at 12:30 and close at 2:30 P. M. Sundays. Socials for the children will be given every second and fourth Wednesday evenings at the same place.

EDWIN KEENE, the well-known test medium, as we are informed, is now located in Providence, R. I., where he has leased a large church capable of seating some six hundred people, and is holding therein very successful seances, convincing the most confirmed and hide-bound sceptics by his most wonderful tests.

CHARLES NELSON, medium, will hold a circle every Sunday evening, till further notice, at Thompson Street Church (Second Spiritual Association), between Front street and Frankford road. Seats free. Public invited. A collection will be taken to defray expenses, and perfect order will be maintained.

W. L. JACK, clairvoyant and magnetic healer, of Haverhill, Mass., requests us to ask the friends in Philadelphia to bear patiently until he can fill his engagements at his regular office in Haverhill and his Boston office, when he will, through MIND AND MATTER, inform them of the time of his visit to Philadelphia.

PLATFORM CALL.—Any prominent speaker wishing a transient or permanent engagement may meet with acceptable conditions, by addressing Dr. L. H. Nason, 277 Forquer street, or 517 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill. Dr. Nason has secured a hall in that city and will be happy to meet any brethren from abroad.

HENRY CRINDLE, medium, will make engagements with parties within fifty miles of Philadelphia, for materializing or physical seances in the light, for the next two weeks, on very reasonable terms. Mr. Crindle also answers sealed letters, and gives exact copy thereof, unopened. Terms \$1.00 and three 3ct. stamps. Address Henry Crindle, care of MIND AND MATTER, 713 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

VALUABLE ENDORSEMENT OF MRS. TOMLINSON.—In a letter from our friend B. F. Hayden, of Colfax, Ind., detailing some tests which he had lately received through the mediumship of this lady, confirmed by a Philadelphia medium. Mr. H. writes: "With reference to Mrs. Tomlinson, of Indiana, I wish to say this: She is a frail, delicate little woman, with nothing to go on, and has three little children and an invalid husband to support by her mediumship, besides paying \$15 per month house rent. She is a grand medium, and one among the most reliable and conscientious

I ever saw. Perfectly honest herself, she is often betrayed by Bundyite investigators, who almost take her life blood. Yet with all this, she remains firm and steadfast in the cause, showing a heart to brave life's battles that would do honor to the invincible soldiers."

THE COMMUNICATIONS FROM ANCIENT SPIRITS THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF ALFRED JAMES.—A desire having been expressed by several of our correspondents to have the communications purporting to come from ancient spirits, bearing upon the subject of the origin and truth of the Christian religion—as published from time to time in MIND AND MATTER—in a consecutive shape for convenient reference, we would state that it has been our fixed intention to collect these communications and arrange them in book form, together with our own comments thereon, and such confirmative or corroborative information, as we may obtain in the course of our researches in the same direction. This will probably make a volume of some 400 to 450 pages, and will therefore be an undertaking, involving much labor and considerable risk, and it would encourage us in the work, if those of our friends who have any desire to possess the work when completed, would notify us of such desire—that we may judge about how far we may expect to be sustained in our efforts to arrive at the truth in regard to a subject of so much importance to humanity.

Dr. F. W. MONCK in New York.—A correspondent in New York writes us as follows, under date Oct. 10th:

The English lecturer and healer, Rev. Dr. Monck, spoke at Howard Rooms, New York, last Sunday afternoon. In the evening after an address at Republican Hall, he publicly healed a number of sick folks, each patient after a brief treatment testifying to the benefit received. One lady declared she had no further use for her crutch which was handed up to Dr. Monck as a trophy, and created considerable enthusiasm in the audience. About sixty of the principal spiritualists of New York attended a reception on Saturday, given in his honor by Henry Newton, Esq., at his residence 128 West 34th street. Professor Buchanan presided. Friends are looking for a Hall in New York, in which Dr. Monck may lecture permanently. Meanwhile he will continue to accept calls to lecture, especially from societies within hail of New York. His offices at 205 East 30th street, New York, are crowded daily by patients. He also cures persons at a distance without interviews. Friends at Brooklyn give the Dr. a reception on Wednesday, October 12th.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 1, 1881.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—I feel obliged to write to you of my very great joy that the spirit world has at last procured a place where those who have lost their health, by and through inharmonious conditions can be restored. I have been under the care of all schools of doctors for dyspepsia and lung trouble, with no effect except to make me worse, and at last I prayed to the spirit world to send me somewhere that I might be helped.

I was impressed to come to Wicket's Island, which I did, and at a time when I had begun to run down, as I had so many times before. When Dr. Warren said I needed no medicine, but that harmonious surroundings, combined with what they could do, would restore me. I came the last of July. I am able to work and enjoy my food. Really, I am well, compared to what I was, or ever expected to be. I will also say that I was aware all the time that I was at times obsessed through not being understood by those around me. I advise all who are sick in mind or body, to come to Wicket's Island and breathe the pure air, and feel the loving spirit hands charm away this pain.

All who are acquainted with Dr. A. E. Cutter, know of her loving heart, and it is not surprising that spirits can do almost anything with such a medium, and she will spend the last drop of her heart's blood to make this place all that her noble guides and bands can desire. I will close by asking you to give this place in your valuable paper, so that all who are suffering as I was, may know that at last there is a place where mortals unite with spirits to bind up the broken hearts of the sufferers, and also an Asylum for poor persecuted media.

Yours for the truth, first, last and always,

DEBORAH PERKINS.

### Obituary.

Passed to spirit life, October 1st, at 2:12 P. M., Mrs. Monks, wife of A. R. Monks, of Jamesville, North Carolina; daughter of Mrs. J. A. Stoddard, and sister of DeWitt C. Hough.

Her death, which was peaceful, was caused by cold brought on by hysteria. Her loss will be felt in the Spiritual field, as she was just becoming useful in the work. She was buried on Sunday, Oct. 2d, beside her child, whose death took place Sept. 27th.

### Alfred James' Relief Fund.

In response to our appeal in behalf of Alfred James, we take pleasure in acknowledging that we have received the following amounts from the respective contributors:

Previously acknowledged	\$154.08
C. B. Stewart, Montgomery, Texas,	1 00
B. Chadsey, Rushville, Illinois,	1 00
A Friend, Philadelphia,	1 00
Joseph Kinsey, Cincinnati, Ohio,	5 00

Few sights at the Industrial Fair in Boston attract more attention than the appearance and work of two pupils from the Hampton Institute. One of these is an Apache Indian, who surprises all spectators by his skill in making shoes. Beside the bench at which he sits are two pairs of laced shoes, neat and substantial, one made after only six weeks' instruction at the institute, and the other produced within two or three days at the fair.

713 SANSOM STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

WORKS OF ROBERT DALE OWEN.

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Send 25 cents to DR. ANDREW STONE, Troy, N. Y., care of LUNG and HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, and obtain a large and highly illustrated book on the system of *Fluishing Constructive Treatment*.

DR. G. AMOS PEIRCE,  
P. O. Box 129, Lewiston, Maine.

**KNOWLES, HARRIS**—Spiritual headquarters, 609  
Eighth Street. A religious spiritual meeting and circle  
2½ p. m., and circle at 7½ p. m.

Monroe St., Chicago, Ill. MRS. H. C. GARNER, Sec.  
Enclose 3 three-cent stamps for information.

1. *Chrysomelidae* (100%)

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

JACOB CAPO.

I am here to make my way straight. I was an architect and a designer and builder of Roman Catholic churches at Florence in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. I am chosen by the spirit world to fulfil a mission here; and that is, to testify to what I did, to convert the stones of pagan temples into Christian churches, and pagan statues into the apostles of Christianity. Those mute marbles of Florence will testify to what neither Catholic nor Protestant Christians can deny. Why is it that the ruins of Thebes, of Ephesus, of Athens, of Rome, have so few of the pagan gods standing in them to-day? The answer of the Catholic is this: they were destroyed in times of war. I will tell you a truth that was well known in the Middle Ages, that no soldier would wantonly have destroyed, nor at the command of his officers, anything that, to him, represented a god. Where, then, are those statues of the gods of antiquity? They are the finest representations of the twelve apostles; somewhat altered, it is true, by the sculptor. Nevertheless, these pagan gods now represent at Rome, Padua, Florence, Venice, and Geneva, the disciples of Jesus of the Christian religion. I, myself, helped, in 1240, to mount at Florence, at their great church there, the statue of Hesus of the Celtic Druids, which was brought there by the order of the ruling pontiff, from northern France, or what is called Britain. I am here to-day to testify to the identity of the materials of the statues of Jesus and his twelve apostles, which are all merely pagan divinities carved and modified to suit Christian wants and requirements. I have no fear but that what I have here stated can, on investigation, be proven to be true. We architects and sculptors, together with the priests, alone knew this. My name was Jacob, and I had a surname Capo. You may find that I am not named in biographical works, but I think you will find mention of me in connection with the history of architecture. This is a duty that I have long desired to fulfil, and I feel my conscience much lightened by what I have said. [I can find no reference whatever to any church architect, or any other person by the name of Jacob Capo, although I have diligently sought for it.—Ed.]

J.-S. SEMLER.

Sem:—In my mortal life I charged the Christians, learned and unlearned, that their teachings, promulgated and propagated, were forgeries, lies, dissemblings, in regard to that which was true. Their attempts to answer me were just such as they usually make—that it was necessary for man to have a saviour, in order to reconcile him with an offended God. What this God has had to get offended at, I have failed, either as a spirit or mortal, to find out. If God made me so that my reason was more critical than my belief was strong, I claim that to be a right which neither God, man nor devils can take from me, namely, my own individuality. That Paganism and Christianity are one and the same thing, and the dying gods of virgins born is a mythical idea, at least fifteen thousand years old, I am willing to stake all my hopes of future happiness upon. Where is the evidence of 15,000 to 20,000 years ago to be found, to confirm what I here state? When European and American scholars turn their attention to the encyclopedia of two nations, of whom little as yet is known, that is in regard to their ancient records, they will find this evidence. Those two nations are the Chinese and Japanese. They are the nations that have undergone the least changes, and it is amongst such unchangeable people that the most direct and positive evidence is to be found. Away back in those far-distant ages a God was looked for who was to bring about the golden age, when all things should be equal. This was as eagerly looked for by mortals, then living, as it is looked for to-day by moderns. All kinds of symbols and symbolical worship, taken from the attitudes of dying men and animals, have been copied and joined together. Two heros fighting, as did the Horatii and the Curatii, on whose efforts seemed to hang some great stake, falling across each other, thus, X

or + have suggested the symbols which were afterwards transferred to Christianity, is my firm and honest conviction as a spirit. If we can only understand it properly, we will find that all those mythological signs have had to do with the individual actions of mortal men, and were then transferred to the stars after the death of those individuals. I lived in 1725, and my name was J.-S. Semler. I was a German—a kind of theological writer, who was dangerous to the Christian Church.

[I translate the following account of Semler from the Nouvelle Biographie Generale.—Ed.] "Jean-Salomon Semler, a German theologian, born the 18th of September, 1724, at Saalfeld, where his father was a clergyman; died March 14th, 1791, at Halle. Raised amid pious surroundings, he modified his religious tendencies at the University of Halle. During his studies, he became attached to S.-J. Baumgarten, whom he aided in the publication of his 'Histoire Universelle.' In 1749 he was called to Coburg, in the capacity of professor, and there conducted the 'Gazette.' After having taught history and literature at Altdorf (1751), he finally, in that year, obtained a chair of theology at Halle. In 1757 he succeeded Baumgarten in the control of the theological seminary. Semler was gifted with a marvellous aptitude for seizing the relation of facts, one with another, to appreciate them at their true value, and to separate with remarkable acuteness the smallest details of those facts. He lacked, it is true, that philosophical quality of mind which sees things in bulk or as a whole; but in matters of erudition and criticism, he was gifted with the most happy faculties. It was in this field of inquiry that he shone particularly. One of the services he rendered was to show that, to interpret the scriptures, which have been written at very different epochs, it is necessary to take into account all the circumstances that related to the history of the times at which each of them had been composed. Semler was the father of historical hermeneutics, as Ernesti was of grammatical hermeneutics. The first subject that he submitted to a profound and impartial study was the canon. He discovered this remarkable fact, that the canon in the first centuries of the church were not identical with that which has become defined. He showed that all the sacred books have not the

same value in a doctrinal point of view; that the apocrypha and the canticle of canticles, for example, could not be put upon the same line, in this respect, with the didactic writings. We cannot pass in silence the service he rendered to the history of dogmas. Carrying into this field of study the same critical spirit that had governed him in his other labors, he followed the development of the admitted doctrines in the Christian Church, pointing out the formation of some, and the modification of others, and indicated under what influences these changes were successfully produced. Gregory, in his 'Histoire des sectes,' and the 'Biographie Universelle,' accuse Semler of having reduced Christianity to a purely human doctrine; this accusation is unjust. It is possible that in the way in which he proceeded, conducted him to see in Christianity analogies in many of its relations to all other religions, although it surpassed them in grandeur and purity. If he has sacrificed—if he has combatted certain doctrines, commonly regarded as constitutive parts of the Christian religion, it is, on the one hand, because he regards the doctrines only as illegitimate superfluities with which it was loaded by the different mediums through which it had passed, and he has sought the history at hand to give the proof of it; it is, on the other hand, because he thought that Christianity, led back to its primitive purity, would escape the attacks made upon it, and which bore precisely on the parasitical doctrines that he retrenched."

[Semler was a profuse writer, and left many works, all of which were calculated to annoy, if not alarm, the orthodox Christian Church. It was the spirit of this bold and original Christian thinker who gave the above communication. How far his theory, in regard to the origin of the Greek and Roman Christian crosses, is correct, I have no certain means of knowing. With the light I have, I am more inclined to believe in their phallic and equinoctial origin. The idea thrown out by the spirit is, however, singularly suggestive of the struggle between light and darkness, warmth and cold, at the two equinoctial periods of the year, when, apparently equally exhausted, they seem to rest a brief space from their efforts to destroy each other. The communication is, in my opinion, authentic and true, and well worthy of the most profound attention and thought.—Ed.]

CARDINAL SANCTA DECARO.

"Let us use blessings instead of curses to those who disagree with us. It would have been well for me, if I had practiced that precept as a mortal. I was selected by a council of priests to prepare the Latin Vulgate, in more readable form. I had five different copies to write from. The first was a copy of Marcion, copied by Chrysostom; the second a version by Ulpilas; the third a copy of the monks of Mount Athos; the fourth a copy similar to the Codex Alexandrinus; and the fifth was a Samaritan copy supposed to have been written by that great Essene, Ignatius of Antioch. All these copies can be traced back to the last named, which was the original of them all. This Samaritan copy by Ignatius of Antioch, said, in a preface, that the writings that followed it were transferred by a disciple of Mah Wing, (whose name was not in the preface given), to Apollonius of Tyana, and by him were given to Ignatius of Antioch. This copy had two distinct sections to it; first an explanation in the Hebraic-Samaritan tongue, (tracing the whole to a God, born of a Star, seen in a trance by Mah Wing. It was divided into four Divisions or God-spells, and they bore the names of the four different principles, truth, virtue, perseverance and equity; the whole to be understood, and understood only by the initiated, as an enquiry into star-worship, with the Sun as the central pivot of the whole. When the Sun began to make his appearance above the line, then commenced the reign of their God on earth, and when he began to decline then he was going down into the graves; and as those ancient claimed that for about three days he stood still, before he began to arise again, this is the secret of the three days and three nights in the grave. All this was well understood, but became disguised more and more, because the priests saw it would not do to let the masses know the truth for fear of losing their power. And this Marcion of Pontus, instead of receiving the original writings of Apollonius, received the copy of Ignatius, with notes made by him; and Marcion managed to make St. Mark a substitute for himself; Luke is Lucian; Matthew was a man in the third century named Matthias, an Essene of Cappadocia, one of the last of that sect before it became absorbed in what is termed Christianity; and the original St. John was as has been stated here, Apollonius of Tyana. It was said in the marginal notes of the Samaritan copy by Ignatius of Antioch, that Matthias had fallen on a copy that had been lost. Apollonius gave it to his disciple Damis, and it became separated from the rest, and in that way came to be used by Matthias to propagate a religion. It was marked 297. This Matthias was a Cappadocian and connected with the Magi. All the other copies mentioned are nothing more than translations from the Hebraic-Samaritan copy. The other four were modified copies of that one, made to suit the views of the transcribers. The first interruption to the original copy written by myself was made by Tyndale when he printed the first Bible in the Sixteenth century. He dropped all the marginal notes with the exception of those manufactured by priests; and also destroyed all the preface. It was not so much his fault, for his life would have paid the forfeit. As long as these things were written, they were held by the selected few or the faithful, but when printed there was danger that the masses would become too enlightened. I would here say, it would be a great advantage as a final summing up of these communications to obtain all that you possibly can through Abel Remusat's biography, or Encyclopedia, the story of this 27th incarnation of Buddha, under the name of Mah Wing, Pushwar and Bodhastuta. This is all I can now state. I lived in the 13th century and my name was Cardinal Sancta Decaro."

[I asked him how he came to bring that communication to earth? He replied by saying that spirit messengers were being sent out from one department of spirit life to the others, to find out those who could in each special department best impart information to earth's people, and he had been selected and sent to discharge the mission he had just performed. This reply opens up a train of thought that seems to be inexhaustible. I have searched in vain for any historical reference to any person, cardinal or otherwise, that can in any way appertain to the spirit who gives that communication; and yet I have no doubt of its genuineness and truthfulness. It would be

strange indeed, that any personating spirit should have given it, and this must have been the case if it is not genuine. Whether I shall be able hereafter to authenticate it remains to be tried. Had the spirit named the "council of priests" to whom he refers, we would have been better able to trace the matter up. He says he lived and labored as a cardinal in the thirteenth century. Now, it is a fact, that in 1274 A. D. there assembled at Lyons, France, a council which was attended by 500 bishops and about 1000 of the inferior clergy, the principal object of which was to bring about the reunion of the Greek and Latin churches. Nothing would be more natural than that at such an assembly, an attempt would be made to bring the Latin and Greek versions of the New Testament into the closest possible accord. It is therefore highly probable, at least, that there was some effort made at that time, to bring the Latin and Greek versions of the Bible into perfect agreement. Indeed a writer in McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia of Theological Literature says:

"In the Thirteenth century, Correctoria were drawn up, especially in France, in which varieties of readings were discussed, and Roger Bacon complains loudly of the confusion which was introduced into the common, that is the Parisian copy; and quotes a false reading from Mark viii. 38, where the correctors had substituted *confessus* for *confusus*. Little more was done for the text of the Vulgate till the invention of printing" etc.

This is enough to show that about the time the spirit speaks of, there was a movement made to correct the Vulgate Bible. To do this the spirit tells us that he had placed in his hands five old versions of the original books. And now particularly mark what he says regarding the authorities placed in his hands, from which to put the Vulgate into more readable form. The first he tells us was a copy of Marcion's Gospels made by Chrysostom. If this be true, as I feel sure it is, then there was an authentic copy of Marcion's Gospel in existence as late as the Thirteenth century, and we may well ask: what has become of it? Who was Chrysostom? He was born in A. D. 347 at Antioch, where he lived until after the death of his mother, when he went to live in the monastic solitude of the mountains near Antioch, and there spent, says his biographer, six happy years in the study of the Bible, in sacred meditation and prayer, under the guidance of the learned Abbot Diodorus, and in communion with such like-minded young men as Theodore of Mopsuestia, the celebrated father of Antiochian (Nestorian) theology. He returned to Antioch, about 380, where he remained sixteen or eighteen years. He died in exile in A. D. 407. We thus see that Chrysostom was not only a native of Antioch, but lived there a large part of his long life. Antioch had been the centre of Essenianism, as it was afterwards, of Nestorianism, and it was at Antioch, that Ignatius the great Essenian Patriarch and Apollonius of Tyana, the Essenian Apostle, drew up their respective theological teachings. Further, it was at Antioch that Marcion, a native of Syria, of which Antioch was the seat of government, procured his gospel and epistles, which he afterwards took to Rome. That Chrysostom who lived two hundred years later than Marcion, may have found a copy of that gospel and those epistles, which he himself copied, is in the very highest degree probable. The spirit of Decaro tells us that such a copy of Marcion was furnished to him and I believe him.

He tells us that his second authority was a version of the New Testament by Ulpilas. If that is so, then Ulpilas's Bible was extant as late as the Thirteenth century. What has become of it? As we showed in connection with a communication from the spirit of Ulpilas, and one from the spirit of Apollonius himself, Ulpilas's Bible was a Gothic translation of an original Samaritan version; this, the spirit of Decaro says, was the fact. Ulpilas sprang from a Cappadocian family and was undoubtedly versed in the Hebraic-Samaritan, the native tongue of his parents.

He tells us that his third authority, was a copy of the original, by the monks of Mount Athos. Now, who were the monks of Mount Athos? It is said of those at present living there that they are mostly Russians, and of the order of St. Basil. Mt. Athos is situated at the extremity of the promontory of Chalcis, in the province of Salonica, in European Turkey. There are now upon the sides of the mountain between twenty and thirty monasteries, and a vast multitude of hermitages, which contain more than 6000 monks. Here they live in a state of complete abstraction from the world; and so strict are their regulations, that they do not tolerate any female being, not even of the class of domestic animals, among them. The libraries of the monasteries are particularly rich in manuscripts, and other literary treasures. Under the reign of Catharine II of Russia, the learned Eugene Bulgarius took up his abode on Mount Athos, as director of an academy founded by Patriarch Cyril of Constantinople. For some time the academy was very flourishing, but at length the patriarch had to yield to the demands of the ignorant portion of the monks to abolish it. So says McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia. There are, no doubt, among those monks of Mount Athos manuscripts that if they could be procured, would set at rest forever the origin and nature of the Christian Scriptures. It was most probably a Greek copy from the Hebraic-Samaritan writings of Ignatius and Apollonius, made by or for the Monks of Mount Athos that was placed in the hands of Cardinal Decaro.

He tells us that the fourth was a Greek copy of the same original, from which the Alexandrian Codex, or version, was made; and finally he tells us that his fifth authority was a Samaritan copy, supposed to have been written by that great Essene, Ignatius of Antioch. But the most significant statement of all is, that the first four were all traceable to the last named, which was the common original of them all. More than this, he tells us that there was a preface to that Samaritan copy, which said that its contents were, by an unnamed disciple of Mah Wing, given to Apollonius of Tyana, and was given by the latter to Ignatius of Antioch. But this is not all, we are further told that a part of those writings were devoted to an explanation, in the Hebraic-Samaritan tongue, showing that they related to a God, born of a star seen in a trance by Mah Wing. Can there be any doubt that that god was the Sun, born of the constellation Virgo, in all ancient sacred legends, of which the beautiful star Vindemiatrix is so prominent a part? Again we are told those writings were in four divisions or god-spells, as the spirit gave it, and bore names corresponding with truth, virtue, perseverance and equity, the whole only to be understood as relating to star worship or heliolatry and Sabaiam.

We are further informed that Marcion did not

receive the original writings of Apollonius as he supposed he had done in obtaining the epistles published by him, but only a copy of them made by Ignatius, and published with marginal notes, by the latter. That Marcion became the St. Mark, and Lucian, the Greek satirist, the St. Luke of the Bible, there is hardly room for a doubt; as otherwise there would be no historical mention of either of them that has any appearance of authenticity. Whether Matthew was the Mathias, the Cappadocian Essene, admits of more question; but I am inclined to believe, or various reasons that cannot be given here, that such was the fact. I take the following concerning Mathias from McClintock and Strong's Cyclopaedia.

"Mathias (Mathias a contraction of Matithia or Matthew, a form frequently met with in Josephus), one of the constant attendants from the first upon our Lord's ministry, who was chosen by lot, in preference to Joseph Barsabas, into the number of the Apostles, to supply the vacancy caused by the treachery and suicide of Judas, A. D. 29. We may accept as probable the opinion which is shared by Eusebius and Epiphanius that he was one of the seventy disciples. [We should say so, jess so.—Ed.] He is said to have preached the gospel in Ethiopia, according to Sophronius; or in Cappadocia, according to Cave, and to have suffered martyrdom at last. According to another tradition, he preached in Judea, and was stoned to death by the Jews."

Speaking of the time and place at, and in which the Gospel according to St. Matthew was composed, the same author says: "There is little in the Gospel itself to throw any light on the date of its composition. Alluding to the language in which it was written, it is said: 'The unanimous testimony of all antiquity affirms that Matthew wrote his gospel in Hebrew; that is, in the Aramaic or Syro-Chaldee dialect, which was the vernacular tongue of Palestine.' Yes, and he might have added, of Syria and Cappadocia, too. He continues: 'The unanimity of all ancient authorities as to the Hebræu origin of this Gospel is complete. In the words of the late Canon Cureton, ('Syriac Recension,' p. lxxxiii), 'no part relating to the history of the gospels is more fully and satisfactorily established. From the days of the Apostles down to the end of the fourth century, every writer who had occasion to refer to this matter has testified to the same thing. Papias, Irenæus, Pantænus, Origen, Cyril of Jerusalem, Athanasius, Epiphanius, Jerome, all with one consent affirm this. Such a chain of historical evidence appears to be amply sufficient to establish the fact that Matthew wrote his gospel originally in the Hebrew dialect of that time, for the benefit of the Jews who understood and spoke the language.'"

So said Cureton; and I ask, Why not for the benefit of the Essenes and Gentile Syro-Hebraic speaking people of Syria and Cappadocia? There is nothing in all this that in any way militates against the statement of spirit Decaro; on the other hand, it is most surprisingly corroborative of its correctness. But when the spirit further tells us that Ignatius had made a marginal note in the Samaritan copy which was placed in his hands, in which he said that Matthias had fallen upon a copy of Apollonius' writings that was lost; and explained the matter by saying that Apollonius had given it to his disciple Damis, and that it had passed from the latter to Matthias, there does indeed seem to be no reason to question that it was an original copy by Apollonius himself. Decaro says that Matthias preached in Cappadocia, and this seems to point especially to Matthias, and not to Matthew, who it is not pretended ever preached in Cappadocia. Why it was marked 297, as Decaro says this copy was, we have no means of knowing. View the matter as we may, the statement of the spirit is worthy of the most profound reflection.

The spirit tells us that his translation of the original versions remained uninterfered with until Tyndale printed the first Bible. Decaro gives us to understand that he retained the preface and notes of the original Syro-Hebraic, in his Vulgate version; and that Tyndale, in the 16th century, published it, dropping the marginal notes and destroying the whole preface of it, substituting other marginal notes prepared for, or by, him. All of which is highly probable, if not absolutely true.

In relation to the closing suggestion of the spirit, to learn what I can of Mah-wing, the twenty-seventh incarnation of Buddha, to be found in the writings of Abel Remusat, I propose to do so as early as I can accomplish it.

I must here take leave of this communication, one of the most remarkable and important, I venture to say, that has ever been given by a spirit through a mortal medium, to be recorded by a mortal amanuensis.

Progress of the Cause in New Hampshire.

MANCHESTER, N. H., Oct. 2, 1887.

Editor of Mind and Matter:

I take this time to thank you for the papers sent us from time to time, and have distributed them where they would do the most good. They are very welcome to us, and I think they must be doing a great work in bringing people out from the darkness of the past.

We have begun our Sunday-meetings again, and are having our usual attendance and some fine speakers. On our list of engagements we have Storér, Greenleaf, Wallis, Currier, Mrs. Byrnes, Willis, Wood, Yeaw, Stevens, and the promise of Mrs. Manchester of Randolph, Vt. Also of Mrs. Emma Paul of Stone, Vt. So you see our Society are giving the good word to all as much as we can by having speakers who can explain to us understandingly.

Our circles are beginning again the work for fall and winter, and we have a materializing circle, of which I am in hopes to be able to give you some account this winter. The medium is Mr. Edgar W. Emerson of this place, who is a fine test medium, but our spirit friends want to develop him for a materializing medium. If everything works favorably will let you hear again. Wishing you much success and prosperity.

I am yours truly,

G. F. RIMMILL.

36 Laurel St.

The Oglethorpe (Ga.) Echo says: A singular circumstance occurred the other day, near the burned residence of Hon. R. L. McWhorter. A large oak tree, with the exception of the leaves being scorched, seemed to have escaped the effects of the fire. But twelve days after the conflagration, two rains having fallen in the interval, the town was alarmed at night by seeing a bright blaze shoot from the top of the tree, and it burned for some time.